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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 6.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
While the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh,
When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;
While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened,
Nor the clouds return after the rain.

* * * *

Let us hear the conclusion of the w

Reading Room Divinity

Fear God, and keep his commandments:
For this is the whole duty of man.
For God shall bring every work into judgment,
With every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

ECCLESIASTES XII: 1, 2, 13, 14.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: PAGE.
Notes ---- 567
What I Would Do if I Were Twenty Again — Part I ---- 569

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:
When the True Poet Comes (poem) ---- 571
Trade Schools for the United States—Hattie Tyng Griswold ---- 571
Crime: Its Origin and Purpose—William C. Cooper, M.D. ---- 571

THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT: PAGE.
Young People's Day at Tower Hill ---- 573
If I Were Eighteen Again—Professor C. T. Smith, Wisconsin University ---- 577

THE HOME:
Helps to High Living ---- 580
Dorothy's Bargain ---- 580
Hardship or Blessing—Gazelle Stevens Sharp ---- 580
Thackeray and His Mother ---- 580

THE LIBERAL FIELD:
Notes from Tower Hill ---- 581

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St.
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OF THE

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Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 19-27, 1897

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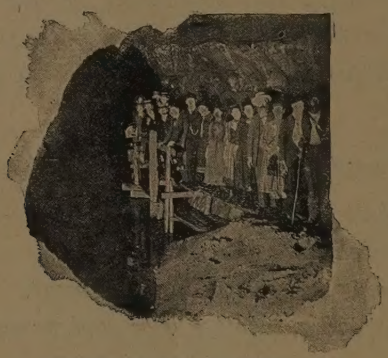

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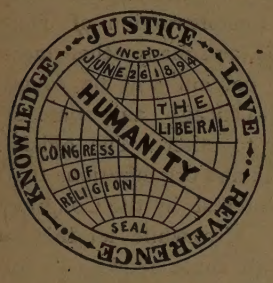
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1897. NUMBER 27



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"Keep pure thy soul!
Then shalt thou take the whole
Of delight."

R. W. GILDER.

Our associate, Mrs. Bartlett Crane, begins in this issue a series of editorials to young people under the general head of "What I Would Do if I were Twenty Again," in which she elaborates and throws into literary form the substance of which was so effectively given as an address at the recent Tower Hill young people's day. We take great pleasure in commending it to our readers.

The Outlook for August 21st contains an article by John H. Bacon, on the South Carolina dispensary system, which states in a clear way this latest method of attempting to regulate the liquor traffic, or better say to reduce the evil of drunkenness. The article is part of the thesis by which the writer won his degree of Bachelor of Letters in the University of Wisconsin, and presents a study of the subject which is timely. This writer at least realizes to the full extent "the baleful influence of the saloonkeeper," and speaks of the power wielded, particularly in municipal affairs, by the whisky element as "a constantly increasing menace so long as it survives."

Scene II., Act I., of the Second Part of Faust was written perhaps three-quarters of a century ago, but the scene in the emperor's castle rings with very modern sentiment, and the discussions in statecraft there described by the poet remind one strangely of the perplexities of to-day. The complaints of chancellor, general-in-chief, treasurer, and lord high steward are our complaints, and the Mephistophelean remedy of more gold is still the panacea offered, but Mephistopheles himself, if none other, knows that now as then the lines are true:

"Had thou the philosopher's stone, I swear it,
The stone would lack the philosopher."

Among the "Personals" connected with the University of Chicago which will interest our readers are the following: President Harper and Professor Small are in Europe, or on their way there; Professors Judson, Henderson and Martha Foote Crowe are at Chautauqua, the latter has been lecturing on poetry. Professors Coulter, Moore and Lovette have been attending the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Toronto, and Professor Breasted, of whom we recently spoke in connection with our Egyptian editorial, is to assist in cataloguing the unclassified antiquities now stored in the National Museum at Cairo, Egypt.

Lyman Abbott, the editor, furnishes the sixth article in the series of "The World's Religions" to the *Outlook*. He makes of Christianity a very definite Cristo-centric affair, and by inference would render non-Christian all those who do not mean by Christ "God brought to earth, made visible, tangible, comprehensible to us." It is contact with this "divine personality" which reinforces our spiritual nature, endows us with new power, inspires, recreates and transforms. This is well put, definite, clear, but if this is Christianity, then there are those who hold to Christly ideas and who attain more or less the Christly life without such a conception of Christ. It may be erroneous to call them Christian, but that they are religious, helpful and have led holy lives none can deny. Does it not then follow that Christianity is not the only religion or rather that it cannot be made an interchangeable term with religion? There is a term more inclusive than that, and for this inclusive term we seek.

"The Forward Movement" is the name of an organization with headquarters at No. 219 South Sangamon street, Chicago, whose business it is to study the principles of co-operation. The importance of the subject is accompanied with a dignity of management which is fitting. The committee in charge consists of C. O. Bowring, Hon. C. C. Bon-

ney, Hon. Luther Laflin Mills, Judge William Prentiss, Professor Hiram B. Loomis, and David D. Thompson. A school is arranged to last through the first fifteen days of September. Among the teachers and lecturers are Professor Charles R. Henderson, of the University of Chicago, Professor Loomis, of the Northwestern University, Luther Laflin Mills, Dr. Alice B. Stockham, Dr. H. W. Thomas, Henry D. Lloyd, and many others. A list of text-books for the course, with collateral readings is published, and the privileges of the course are fixed at the nominal rate of one dollar. The need of this kind of work is crying, and the world will be grateful to those who in any way try to meet this need.

The growth of interest in Walt Whitman's writings is strikingly illustrated by the fact that within the last few months no less than four new books have appeared devoted to the discussion of the man and poet, viz., "Walt Whitman: the Man," by Thomas Donaldson; "Whitman: A Study," by John Burroughs; "Reminiscences of Walt Whitman," by William Sloan Kennedy, an American edition of the book which appeared in England a year ago; and "The Letters of Walt Whitman to Peter Doyle," under the title of "Calamus." In the search for ten noble poems in the English language, seven of Whitman's poems are offered as candidates for a place in the "Ten Noblest," and these nominations came from such appreciative minds as Oscar L. Triggs, M. J. Savage, Sam Walter Foss, Francis E. Browne, Mrs. A. H. Spaulding, etc. The last evidence of the growing interest in Walt Whitman comes to us in the announcement that Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, have acquired the sole right to issue the works of Walt Whitman, and that they are about to bring out a greatly modified edition of both the poetry and prose, with new material and illustrations added. This definitive edition will doubtless provoke further curiosity, and encourage further investigation in the realms which have been condemned so sweepingly, but which the exploring mind cannot avoid.

Now that the Tower Hill Summer School, whose interests have absorbed so much of the time and strength of the senior editor of this paper, is fairly over with, he bends himself to the final task of bringing the Liberal Congress at Nashville, October 19–24, to a successful issue. Among those whose presence is assured are Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, Dr. E. G. Hirsch, Dr. Washington Gladden, Rev. B. Fay Mills, Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University; Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, Massachusetts; Rev. S. M. Crothers, of Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Troy, N.Y.; Rev. R. A. White, Rev. E. P. Powell, Ex-Governor John W. Hoyt, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Dr. L. G. Janes, Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, Rev. Philip S. Moxom, and many others. Among the subjects to be discussed are the problems of sociology, "Relation of Science to Morals and Religion," "The Demand of Religion Upon the Church of To-day," "What Churches Can Do Together," "The Higher Criticism and the Necessary Reconstruction of Theology" implied by the same, and many other questions. In our advertising column will be found special rates provided from Chicago, and some of the inducements for going together. The official invitation to all the churches and organizations that may be likely to have any interest in the Congress will be sent out at once. Meanwhile let this be considered an invitation to all those reading it, for there are many churches and people as well as individuals who are interested in this Congress whose names and titles are not on the secretary's list. The secretary solicits correspondence and co-operation of all kinds. As the vacation ends let this be the first thing to attend to this season.

Having visited Tower Hill a year ago, the writer is pleased to note the evidences of increased prosperity of the Tower Hill idea. More tents on the hill, more states represented by the summer visitors, more cottages being planned for, more appreciation of the natural advantages of the beautiful locality. I hear from all sides that the Institute has been, in point of attendance and sustained interest, by far the best of any yet held, and there is much interested talk of "what we shall have next year."

The closing day, Sunday, August 22, was perfect, as to weather, and the unwalled pavilion was crowded, while carriages drawn up alongside offered balcony seats for the overflow, a second overflow sitting upon rustic benches or on the grass.

The closing day was "Young People's Day." The young people gathered the beautiful vines, ferns and flowers that graced the pulpit, and the young people composed the choir, which led the singing. The sermon, "What I would do if I were twenty again," was preached by Caroline Bartlett Crane, of the People's Church, Kalamazoo, who was introduced by a young man of the vicinity, a recent graduate of Wisconsin University. The sermon was followed by a series of excellent short addresses by educators of the young, which I understand will be reported elsewhere.

Professor Charles Foster Smith, the head of the Greek department of the State University, the last speaker, came up just for the last Sunday, and gave a most helpful address upon the higher values of the university life, and the great importance to the student of the early habit of reading the best literature, especially the noblest poetry. As a striking instance of the reading habit as an index

and help to native ability, Dr. Smith told of seven students of Williams College in the sixties, who used to meet to read. These are now Hamilton W. Mabie, editor of the *Outlook;* G. Stanley Hall, President of Clarke University; President Dole of Hawaii; Henry Loomis Nelson, editor of *Harper's Weekly;* Francis L. Stetson, the noted New York lawyer, and two judges.

In the afternoon a brief preliminary address was given by "Father" Loomis, whose voice has been heard from this platform every year since the Institute started. Then came the closing sermon, "A Sunday in Rome," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Mr. Jones let alone the facts that can be gathered from the guide-books, and gave us scenes and impressions warm from his heart. It was a noble and inspiring close to the day and fortnight.

After Mr. Jones came a final word from Dr. Thomas, of the People's church, Chicago, who preached the opening sermon of the Institute, and has lingered on, and is still lingering, charmed and held, as he says, by the beauty and purposes of Tower Hill. He predicts that the Institute will grow and grow, because it ought to; and he warmly congratulated the people of this valley upon such very unusual means of education and general culture as are afforded by the the Hillside Home and the Tower Hill Schools. The former, with its ideally beautiful and refined home, and the remarkable opportunities afforded by it for fostering a sound mind in a sound body, has impressed Dr. Thomas, as it does every one who comes here.

And now for next year: Encouraged by the great success of the lectures of this year, Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, is expected to continue his lectures upon the Greek dramas; Mr. Jones to give a series upon modern sociological novels and to continue his morning studies of English poetry.

And, encouraged by the sustained interest in the study of the local geology under Professor Perisho, and of the native birds under Dr. Libby, of Wisconsin University, a course in forestry, with special reference to native trees, under expert leadership, is being planned for next year, — with room for elective studies of various kinds.

Success attend it all! This is the real recreation that is needed far more than the laborious "pleasure exertions," which require so much anxious thought and preparation beforehand, so much laborious effort at enjoyment meanwhile, and so much exertion to get into harness afterwards. C. J. B. C.

From inmost to outmost
The ways are all open —
The currents run free —
From thy voice in my soul
To my joy in the people.
I thank thee, O God,
For this body thou gavest,
Which enfoldeth the earth —
Is enfolded by thee!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

What I Would Do If I Were Twenty Again.

PART I.

If any of us were starting on a journey to a foreign land, how eagerly we would listen to any wise person who had been there, and would take the pains to tell us about it. Notebooks out! All attention! Now, there are wise persons all about us who have made the journey into a foreign land. We are sure to visit, if we live long enough, persons who would be glad to tell us things we ought to know, and yet they say that their experience, dearly enough bought, is the hardest thing in the world to profitably dispose of. There is one sea that most people (especially young people) feel competent to navigate unaided; one continent they feel qualified to explore, and that is the sea of futurity, the continent of the on-coming years.

Now I do not hold that all older heads are thereby wiser. You remember that Stevenson, in his "Virginibus Puerisque," takes the part of the young man who, in confiding his thoughts and hopes to a graybeard, meets this scornful rebuff: "Oh, yes; so *I* thought and felt at twenty!" "And so *I* shall probably feel and think at seventy, but what has that to do with the case?" retorts the young man, not very politely, 'tis true—but perhaps justly vindicating youthful enthusiasm against the assaults of a barren and hard old age.

But we all know men and women of forty, sixty, seventy, eighty, who, along with their life experience, carry comprehension of and sympathy with youth, and a certain eternal youthfulness of their own, which make their looks and words good for the young; happy is the youth, who in father, mother, brother, sister, teacher, friend, has such a helper, and knows how to be helped!

The writer has not lived very long, and does not consider herself very wise; but her reason for writing these words to young people is, that she loves them, and would like to give what help she may. And people anywhere from twenty to ninety may consider themselves addressed if they care to; since at any age we may think of a time ahead of us when we will look back upon that time and see how life would be better now if we had done so and so then. At thirty you look back upon twenty with vain regrets. But at forty you will look back upon thirty, and see what you might have done *then.* And at eighty life would have been better far if we had effectually turned over the new leaf at seventy. So, whatever our age, let us look not back merely, but forward, too; and if "what I would do if I were twenty" commend itself to you at ———ty, pray remember that

"Every day is a new beginning;
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you."

Now, I am convinced that one of the reasons why the young usually give so little heed to the life-experience of the old, is that they cannot imagine that they will have any interest in life after they are, say, thirty. I remember that when I was a child, with a very sweet tooth, and some one told me that if I ate so much candy I wouldn't have any teeth at forty, I was startled—at the curiousness of anyone's supposing I would care whether I had teeth or not at forty. It was as vague and as doleful as the life to come. I know that in the minds of little children there is no appreciable difference between forty and eighty years of age. I once invited a friend on his eighty-seventh birthday to go with me to a Hallow-e'en party of children, and being told it was Uncle Tuttle's birthday, they guessed all the way from forty to ninety, artlessly skipping all around within the fifty years. A friend of mine once told me how she sought to console her mother on the death of an older sister by saying: "Why, mother, I don't see why you feel so *very* bad. Clara was so old she'd have to die pretty soon anyway; she was twenty-eight!"

But young people, I have already lived long enough to have one illusion of youth wholesomely destroyed; to know that one does care, and you are going to care mightily, what happens at forty or fifty or eighty years of age. Life is life all the way, not suspended animation. And if you think the elder folk exist only for the pleasure of seeing you have a good time, and thereby being reminded of their own halcyon period of youth, you are very much mistaken.

And another thing I now firmly and comfortedly believe, namely, that the lines of the poet are true:

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be—
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith: A whole I planned;
Youth shows but half,
Trust God, see all, nor be afraid."

You cannot quite see it now, I suppose. But you ought to give ear to the testimony of such men as Browning and Whittier and many another who were once young like you, and then old; and who even in what seems to you the shadow of declining years, can declare the beauty and the good of all of the three score and ten or more.

I never like to hear people telling boys and girls that *now* is the happiest time of their whole lives. The merriest, rompingest time it may be; but not the best and not the happiest, if you grow and ripen with the procession of the years.

And now, having besought you to put trust in the future (not mere bold confidence born out of personal expectations of exceptional achievements, but trust that is born out of the conception of life as a unity and the Giver of life as meaning us well *all* the way)—let me proceed to tell you some of the things I would do (or think I would do) more earnestly and faithfully than I did do them—if I were twenty (or twenty-five, or thirty) again:

First. If I found myself with any bad habits, of thought, or feeling, or action, which I myself recognized as bad, which I meant to rid myself of "sometime," I would close in upon it and kill it then and there. You will never find the more convenient season you are waiting for, young man, young woman. The longer that habit is your boon companion the less objectionable to you it will become; the more it will presume upon you and cajole you into letting this "little thing" abide. Get rid of it *now*. You vanquish not this foe alone; you thereby give warning to all besetting sins that they need not beset you. You have achieved force in the struggle, you have made a lasting conquest for your manhood or womanhood. This is no small thing. It is very, very great; how great you may not know till from the summit of life you look back upon that battlefield of youth.

C. J. B. C.

September Hymn.

Blest be the generous hand
That, broadcast o'er the land,
Near roadside wall, by roughly-upturned sod,
Flings free the goldenrod.

Thanksgiving for the care
That plants the aster fair
By dusty waysides where tired feet must stray—
Star thoughts that light the way.

For flaming banners hung
Our swamps and woods among;
For bowers of clematis, for woodbine's grace,
Sing praise, sing praise!

For lanes made color-glad,
For trees with radiance clad,
For peerless cardinal flowers, whose glowing ranks
Guard the still brook, give thanks!

When soft haze wraps the pine,
Where gleaming sumachs shine,
Where 'er one brown sheaf grows, one bright flower springs,
The glad earth sings.

Sing heart, be glad and sing!
For know, "so doth the King
Desire thy beauty." Join thou in his praise
Through all the autumn days!

SARAH L. ARNOLD.

A small boy, the Rev. Lambuth relates, teased his father for a watch till he was forbidden to mention the matter again. At family prayers next morning, when asked for his Scripture verse, the youngster repeated, "What I say unto you, I say unto all—watch."—*Chautauqua Assembly Herald.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

When the True Poet Comes.

When the true poet comes, how shall we know him?
By what clear token; manners, language, dress?
Or will a voice from heaven speak and show him—
Him the swift healer of the earth's distress.
Tell us, that when the long-expected comes
At last, with mirth, and melody, and singing,
We him may greet with banners, beat of drums,
Welcome of men and maids and joybells ringing;
And, for this poet of ours,
Laurels and flowers.

Thus shall ye know him, this shall be his token—
Manners like other men, an unstrange gear;
His speech not musical, but harsh and broken
Will sound at first, each line a driven spear.
For he will sing as in the centuries olden,
Before mankind its earliest fire forgot—
Yet who so listens long hears music golden.
How shall ye know him? Ye shall know him not
Till, ended hate and scorn,
To the grave he's borne.

—*R. W. Gilder, in Five Books of Song.*

Trade Schools for the United States.

There is one thing which would help the industrial prosperity of the United States more even than a high protective tariff, and that is, the establishment of trade schools, where workmen can be taught the trades by which they expect to earn their living, as thoroughly as these same trades are taught to the workmen in France, Belgium, Austria and Germany. From time to time attention has been called to this question by influential papers, but the public has taken very little interest in it, and no great philanthropist has yet risen to the occasion, and created such a school, as an object lesson to the country.

Hence our workmen remain to-day at a disadvantage as compared to European citizens, who must be imported to do much of the fine work now undertaken by our factories and mills. Let us once more try to place before the people these schools, their aim, and their attainments, with the hope that these things being understood, a demand will arise for them from the people themselves—those who have children who have now no opportunity whatever of being taught these occupations upon which hang the best chances of these children to earn their daily bread in an agreeable and profitable manner. The fact of the difficulty with which a boy learns a trade in this country is so well known that it needs not to be dwelt upon. That the government should provide the means (as it provides for the elementary education of the children)—for schools in which regular trades are taught by experts, and with the best appliances known to the crafts, is the position taken now by many leading educators and reformers. The subject of industrial and technical education is becoming one of the important social problems of the times. It has already received much study in Europe, and some in our country, but not what its importance demands. A royal commission was appointed in England several years ago to investigate it, which made the most comprehensive and valuable report with which we are acquainted. France was the leader in industrial art education, and her workmen are the most intelligent and efficient in the world, and France, a country noted for her thrift and financial prosperity. Austria is perhaps next to France in the advanced industries, and has a great number of trade schools—as schools for weaving, for the wood and iron trades, for ceramics and glass trades, for the metal industries, for toys. In Belgium the schools have been in operation a long time—five dating back to 1844. A thousand pupils attend the great Ghent school.

The Ambacht schools of Holland were established as a private undertaking, to supply the place formerly filled by apprenticeship, and in addition to an elementary education give instruction in carpentry, smith and joiner work, etc. They now receive government support. Since the passage of a law in 1886, purely public trade schools exist in West Prussia and in Posen, but only in the larger centers of industry. Instruction is entirely gratuitous and obligatory for all workmen under eighteen years of age.

In 1890 there existed 159 such trade schools, with 12,000 pupils. The trade school of Berlin is the most comprehensive and most perfectly equipped institution of its kind. In connection with the royal manufactory of porcelain in Berlin, there exists a school for painters and modelers.

Nothing will be more convincing of the great care taken in Germany to aid industry than a presentation of the courses of study pursued in the Saxon technical schools at Chemnitz. They consist (1) of a high school for trade, (2) a builders' school, (3) a school for master workmen, (4) a school for millers, (5) for dyers, (6) for soap-makers, (7) a school of mechanical drawing. And the courses of study are most admirably suited to each department.

Now, the question inevitably arises, can we compete with the workmen of these countries, without a more adequate preparation of our artisans? It is preposterous to claim that we can, in the finer grades of work. We import thousands of these workmen, and yet it is hard to find such foremen and managers of large works as we need. Some large plants are constantly on the look-out for men to fill their highest places. There is room at the top, but we have not the trained hands to do the work. This should not long be said of such a country as our own.

Hattie Tyng Griswold.

Crime---Its Origin and Purpose.

It is inconceivable that there has ever been a time, since the beginning of human existence, when there was no crime in the world. That such a time may come may be cautiously conceded to be theoretically possible. Accepting the childish Adam-and-Eve story, we are driven to admit that the very king and primal progenitor of all crime existed potentially in this pair from the moment God breathed into them the breath of life. Taking one step back, from the first intelligent effect to its intelligent cause, we are forced to acknowledge that God is a criminal. There may be an exegetical path out of this conclusion—there is no logical one.

If the theory of evolution is philosophy, then crime depended for its origin upon the inevitable

projection of instinct into reason. The irresponsible criminal was simply crowded, by its environment, into the responsible one, humanly speaking.

But it is not my purpose to discuss this phase of a question which has been sifted through thousands of intellectual catasterisms. There is an aspect of the question which is as tremendously important as possible, but which, so far as I know, has not been extensively discussed. I refer to that feature of it in which inheres a momentous pathological suggestion. Condensed into a single dictum, it would stand thus: *All crime may be pathologically accounted for.* It would follow from this that the true line of demarkation between the good and the bad is that which marks the boundary between the sound and the unsound, *with reference to certain neuroses.* The good *get* sick, and the bad *get* sick, but it is a life-long specific abnormality upon which crime depends, *generally.* A majority of criminals are born such; that is, they inherit the physical basis of crime, as the consumptive does that of phthisis. An experienced penitentiary warden can easily point out the criminally inclined in a crowd of men. Besides the facial signs, and that indescribable one dependent upon psychic torsion, three-fourths of the worst criminals have asymmetrically developed heads. One hemisphere of the brain is much larger than the other. These facts are uniformly corroborated by old, observant wardens. In a paper on the "Scientific Treatment of Crime and Criminals," a very high medical authority says: "It may be fairly assumed that no mental disturbance, taking the form of insanity, is without a physical cause, however obscure this may be. . . . . Is it possible that every moral delinquency has a physical cause?".

If the question mark and the first four words of that sentence be removed, the balance of it will probably express next to the largest evident fact in the universe, the largest one depending upon the universality of beneficent purpose. The morphological origin of three-fourths of all the crime there is can scarcely be denied. Heredity, too, despite the least daring refinement of theology, has to be a fact, for human procreation is but a form of fission. The other fourth can easily depend upon manifest disease. So far as that is concerned, obvious disease alone urgently seems to account for all moral deviation. Thus, arguments in favor of this theory overlap each other. The admission that disease has ever been responsible for a single crime is tantamount to its establishment as the sole cause of all sin, since there is no other demonstrable, *rational* way of accounting for the origin of sin.

Whether the brain secretes soul, or whether the soul uses the brain, the psychophysical fact remains that each volition takes character from ultimate molecular states and relationships. These are always adversely varied by morbid conditions. There is no use of particularizing along this line, but, for instance, what may not so small a thing as a pin scratch do? It may start a morbid train which shall end in murder! That this is exceptional is a consequence of physiological optimism, *which* can depend upon nothing less than a Deific fiat. A proper death rate must be maintained, but the race must be perpetuated. Whether the scratch causes the death of the one scratched, or some one else, makes no difference. Nature's self-consistency fills the universe; man's conception of justice may be a small expedient. Our responsibility? I have not space to discuss that here.

It is safe to say that sin will never be eradicated from the world. A portion of it will be prevented and cured by psychological treatment, such as moral institutions and personal influences furnish. It will be diminished some by medical treatment. Stirpiculture is the most promising remedy possible. But to procure any noticeable effect it would have to be as all-pervading as is religion and medicine. Punishment of evil-doers will cure no sin—it may lessen its manifestation.

There have been pretty dreams of a future on earth, which shall be sinless. Men will live on a dead-level of absolute goodness. There will be a song in every heart, and a benediction in every face. Individuality will be swallowed up in a common pious exaltation, and moral variety will be banished from the earth. Man will be perfect and will be completely happy. The conjuration of such visions is harmless, and it leaves a sweet fragrance in one's consciousness.

But dreams are baseless and unpractical. If we had no temptations to resist, we could not be strong. If we had no opportunities for self-abnegation, we could not be noble. If there were no crime for us to whet good purpose against, we would be barren of good deeds. In a word, if there were no vice, there could be no virtue. Take away from virtue all opportunity for self-assertion, and it becomes inert, and loses its quality as virtue. Latent virtue is unthinkable—it would be a moral nullity. Happiness depends upon virtue, and virtue depends upon opportunity for beneficent expression. There could be no goodness, nor happiness in a sinless world. Personal identity would be lost, and the general state would be one of unvarying moral insipidity.

I suspect things are about right as they are. The fact that they *exist*, is the fact that they are *right*, unless the Creator is less wise, and good, than he was when he created them. Crime is to the moral economy what tornados, and the like, are to the physical economy. Will anyone say that cyclones are not right? The other end of the gentle zephyr is the terrible cyclone; the other end of sweet love is hate and murder. Since there could be no goodness if badness did not exist, we can partially understand why badness exists. Since there could be no badness if goodness did not exist, we can partly understand why goodness exists. That constitutes the sum of our knowledge about it.

These conclusions will clash with the cherished views of many who are anchored to creeds. What then—shall they love me less? God breathed into every creature the breath of life, whether my method of stating the fact shall be taken metaphorically or not. *We are all fractions of God.* Here we are, huddled between two unspeakable eternities, and none of us *know* anything. We merely see the proximate aspects of things. Shall you then quarrel with me on account of my benightedness? Let us acknowledge our astounding ignorance; let us recognize the universality of hope; let us lock arms and march smilingly into Destiny.

WILLIAM C. COOPER, M. D.

And well we know that since the world began
The heart was master in the world of man.

T. W. PARSONS.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Young People's Day at Tower Hill.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MINNIE BURROUGHS.

Sunday morning, August 22, was the closing day of the Tower Hill Summer School. For the third time a double Sunday meeting had been arranged for, and the people with their baskets came from far and near, filling the Emerson Pavilion with interested auditors, and dotting the hillside with teams, and during the noon hour making the shaded places on the hill picturesque with the groups that gathered around the wealth of the baskets. At 10:30 Mr. Jones introduced the meeting by reading from Rabbi Ben Ezra and the closing chapter of Ecclesiastes, texts from which were beautifully inscribed upon the blackboard. After singing, Rev. Mr. McCord, of Lodi, led in prayer, after which Mr. Jones said: "It is fitting that at the close of these two weeks' intense living on high plains and familiarity with great thoughts, these closing sessions should be dedicated to the youth here assembled, and it is fitting that the first word spoken at such a service should be by one of these youths, and that such a youth should be one of our own boys whom we have known from his cradle up, whose growth we have watched with pride, and in the thought of whose future we rest. Van E. Evans will speak the word of welcome." After which Mr. Evans spoke as follows:

"This day at Tower Hill has been chosen as the one to be devoted to the young people of this valley and of those surrounding it. With this understanding, as a representative of the young people, I am to welcome you here. But for me to welcome this audience to Tower Hill and yonder Shot Tower would be superfluous. Nor need I welcome you. The liberal tendencies of the meetings conducted here have traveled far beyond boundaries represented this morning. We, one and all, realize that despite religious belief and race differences, we are welcome at these gatherings.

"It then rather becomes my duty, if I am to fully represent my constituents, to welcome the conductors of this Summer School and the work they are doing. I touch a responsive chord in the hearts of this assembly when I attempt to express the gratitude due to those who have labored here for the past quarter of a century. Frequently the inclemency of the weather, the supposed too pressing demands of the farm, of business, have limited your audience and made your work appear of doubtful utility. And again assemblies such as gather here, however appreciative, are not inclined to be very demonstrative in the expression of their appreciation. For these reasons our gratitude to-day should be, and is, all the more sincere. Why grateful?

"Because early influence is the most important factor in moulding human nature. You can see its benign or cursing effects in nations. What would Greece be without its past? Where would England draw its inspirations without a Runnymede, a Trafalgar, a Waterloo? And is not our own country sustained in its greater struggles by the legends of our early history? The effects of early influence can be seen in political and religious beliefs. Its fruits can readily be traced in families. While it is true that that society is most nearly ideal that limits man's possibilities only by his ability and his will, yet it cannot be denied that his ability is often but the measure of his early training. For as the abundance of our crops is greatly dependent upon the preparation of the soil, the early cultivation, so must it be true that the highest manhood is attained, other things being equal, by those who have received and accepted the best early cultivation, by those whose early influence has been of a broad-minded character, those who have been taught that humanity should be judged not by religious creeds, not by political ideas, but by daily actions as seen in familiar intercourse.

"Now, doubtless one of the most important factors in one's early training is religion. But by the term religion, I do not refer to any express creed or written expression of faith. But by religion I mean that remnant of our existence which is left after subtracting reason and experience therefrom, that faith in the origin and the ultimate end of society which every one has felt and yet which is to be accounted for neither by reason nor experience. With this understanding of the term religion, I repeat that it is one of the most important factors in our early influence. There was a time when religion in the narrower sense of the term had a greater influence in shaping the policy of nations than it has to-day. But even now mark, who can, the point in the policy of nations where the effect of religion ceases and statesmanship begins. We know where each predominates, but there is no place where each is totally absent. What is it but difference of religion and religious jealousies that permitted the recent Armenian massacres and which is an important factor in shaping the foreign policy of all the European countries.

"Granting then the importance of early influence and of religion on early influence, is it surprising that we younger people gladly recognize the motive that actuates the conductors of the Summer School? We are glad to welcome Mrs. Bartlett Crane with her interesting subject and kind remembrances of a year ago.

"It is not my place to reason why this or that religion is best. Our Constitution provides for freedom of religion, and our statutes provide for almost perfect freedom of immigration. We thus have in our midst nearly every religious creed on the face of the globe and what is still better each has a perfect right to be heard. Naturally with such opportunities there have come into existence creeds that have drunk at the fountain of all other creeds, and drawn their better parts from the doctrines of other churches. Each religion that presents itself must and should abide by the decision of that high tribunal — human reason. And any person who will refuse to follow the dictates of this highest court is unfit to enjoy the blessings of a Republican Government, he is unworthy of the heritage bequeathed him.

"Which creed you or I shall take for our guide, if we take any, is of minor importance, but this much is certain, any profession that starts with such

an ennobling ensign as 'The world is my country, to do good is my religion,' and which has written on its pavilion such suggestive thoughts as 'will always command a receptive ear from the young people who assemble here. Will you preach from such a captivating philosophy? We will be most grateful for the opportunity of learning, and we will ever welcome the work and the workers'."

Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, followed with a sermon to the young entitled "What I Would do if I were Twenty Again," which discourse it will be the pleasure of THE NEW UNITY in due time to present to its readers. After the sermon and singing of a hymn, Mr. Jones said: "It is fitting that this word of counsel should be followed by a word from those who have made it their high business to train the youths and to develop soul. I regret any attempt to differentiate the office of the preacher from that of the teacher. I resent the classification that takes me out of the category of teachers or carries with it the implication that teachers are not by virtue of their office preachers of the moral law, prophets of the spiritual life. Whatever of work I have been able to do in public life, I am sure I began it thirty-two years ago in the little wind-swept school-house on yon Arena prairie. I am glad to present as the next speaker another member of this community, one whose father came in territorial days to receive his title to his land from the government and to help 'open it up' to civilization, and whose father, true to the mission of the pioneer, helped change the territory into a state. She has been a trainer of youth all her life. I am glad to present to you Mrs. Sarah Joiner Sawyer, now of Creston, Ia., but always of Iowa County, Wisconsin."

Mrs. Sawyer spoke as follows:

"My friends, if I thought our dear brother Jones was capable of being unkind, I should certainly say he was unkind to bring me forward after our gifted and eloquent sister. He should have inverted the programme, I think, keeping the best wine until the last, and sent us away with the soul uplift that we have all had; but you will be very glad that I am to detain you but five minutes.

"I once heard a story of a man who was asked 'what he would do if he knew that he was to die to-morrow night.' He replied, 'If I knew that I was to die to-morrow night, I would live to-morrow just as if I had not known.' And so, standing before you to-day, many of you whom I have known from my earliest childhood, others who have confided your children to me in their youth, and some of you who have been my pupils, while I cannot say perhaps with this man that if I knew I were to die to-morrow night, I would live to-morrow just as if I did not know (I fear I should not live to-morrow just the same), I have this to say: If I had my life to live over again I would live it the same in one particular,—I would devote my life to teaching the young, because I feel that this must be the life-work of many, many people in this world, and I fully realize the fearful responsibility that rests upon us when we write upon the immortal soul.

"Near my childhood's home stands a tree. Many, many years ago, when I was a little girl, that little shoot came up in a field, without any companions, alone, trampled over by the cattle, oftentimes crushed, yet each time coming up stronger than before, the earth beneath, God o'erhead, nothing else. It prospered, sent its roots far down into the earth, and took up everything that could aid its growth, spread its branches out into the sun, taking in light and air, and so it grew and grew, and each year as I have come North I have seen that tree and studied it as it has grown there, unattended save by God and nature, until now it ranks, I believe, the largest tree in Iowa County. Often storms and tempests have torn its branches and threshed it about, but it came up bright and beautiful as before. Last summer, however, a fearful tempest swept down the valley; there was a fearful crashing sound, and the next morning we saw the tree was riven from top to bottom. We thought at last this at least will be the death of the brave tree. Not so. It is as bright and beautiful as ever, and in that cleft it has sheltered a swarm of bees. Is my lesson told? To me that tree has been a lesson from my childhood.

"If I were to live my life over again, then, I would instruct the youth to build character, noble and strong; to send down roots and take up everything helpful; build a noble, strong, and beautiful character; and I would teach them to build a Christian character, because, say what we will, and do what we may, like Daniel Webster, the greatest thought that can take hold of the immortal soul is its personal responsibility to God. I want to leave just one thought with these young people to-day, and even if you forget the singer, do not forget the song

> "Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever;
> Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
> And thus make life, death, and the vast forever
> One grand, sweet song."

MR. JONES: "The Hillside Home School and the Tower Hill Summer School, twin shoots from one root! The message of this school has already been heard from this platform. I now take pleasure in presenting to you the other principal, Sister Jane." And Miss Jennie Lloyd Jones spoke as follows:

"The message that I have to give you, young people entering into the active realm of life, as far as doing and *not doing*, has already been voiced by the others, so I will not repeat. But let me recommend some helps and encouragement along the way that may enable you to tune your lives to the high keynote that has been so beautifully given you this morning.

"Many of you may think that these fine possibilities can not be reached by you because of the great limitations that you feel are yours. You are, perhaps, denied the incentives and stimulus that come from living in large centers of thought and culture. In your quiet country corner you have no access to great libraries, no opportunity to hear fine lectures, operas and oratorios. Yours is not the privilege to look upon fine paintings, to see the lessons of life as given upon the theater boards, and you feel that your life is greatly impoverished thereby.

"These are great and potent factors in enlarging the vision and deepening the channels of thought; but they are by no means the only force.

"The life of to-day is in danger of becoming too artificial. We are so prone to make necessities of luxuries, to think so many things are necessary to our physical well-being, and to look upon the costly and far-fetched things as altogether necessary for

our mental well-being—that American living is becoming a very complicated affair, and the country is growing under the burden of it. The result of all this weakens the physical fiber and tends to superficiality of thought. We are fast becoming a race of semi-invalids, victims to what the physicians abroad call *Americanitis*—known among us as nervous prostration. It is nature's protest against artificiality of life. All of these aids are in moderation most desirable. But if you are denied these advantages turn to the great out-of-door world about you and take in its lessons and inspiration. Learn to read the deep significance that is suggested at every turn to the loving ear and eye.

"You may not have the works of great artists to gaze upon—but you can be thrilled on every hand by the work of the Master-artist.

"You may not know the delight of listening to oratorios and operas—but go out of a morning and evening and listen to the matins and vespers of nature's singers and have your soul filled with the harmony of sweet sounds. When you once learn to love these you will sooner forego the grand opera, if you cannot have both.

"If you take the poet out of doors with you and read his pages,—with the eye of the imagination seeing the settings—you will lose nothing of the great thoughts he has to give you—indeed, I sometimes think the thought is intensified, rather.

"If you make yourself receptive to these out-of-door lessons—believe me—you are not going to lose much by what you deem your isolation from the centers of thought.

"Painting, poetry and all high-thinking have their source in the great thought reservoir—Nature. The divine within responding to the manifestations of the divine without. Art at its best but suggests nature; but nature's suggestions are full of the subtle essence of the divine.

"Then early form the habit of turning to her for your pleasures and delights first hand. Make yourselves susceptible to the benediction of earth, sea and sky. It was said here during the past fortnight that Wordsworth, the sweet poet of nature, has but little charm for the young people. I suspect if that be true it is because they are not nature lovers. Their study has been book study, in which her truths and beauties are seen at a distance, and they have not felt her pulsations.

"I cannot better emphasize my message to you than by voicing it in Wordsworth's words to his beloved sister, and I can testify to their truthfulness:

"O my dear, dear sister! this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstacies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; O, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou e'er be fed."

Mr. Jones: "It is hard to speak or think of the teachers of the public schools of America in anything but the feminine gender, but I sympathize with those who regret the decline of the masculine element in this work, not that I would have fewer women but I would have more men. I have great respect for a school-master, and I am glad to present to you next the Superintendent of Schools of Dodgeville, Wisconsin, a man who has deliberately prepared himself for the teaching profession and has taken it as a life's work." After which, Mr. Schuster said:

"It is not expected that I should tell you what I would do 'if I were twenty again,' but as a teacher, I have ideals—ends for which I am working, and the means and efforts of the great army of teachers determine what the plans of the young men and young women of twenty shall be. I am profoundly impressed with the wonderful progress the earth, the world, is making in every field of industry, and I have high hopes for the future. But my experience teaches me also some of the obstacles which lie in the way of this progress. I turn with pleasure to the school, and see its pupils, rich and poor, democrat and republican, Christian and non-Christian, side by side, working hand in hand for the same ends. My mind fills with hope and cheer when I see how the young men grasp the large truths of the present age, and by their actions, their young lives, pledge themselves ever to love honesty, intelligence and kindness, love the religion of the innermost heart, irrespective of that other religion under whose form the heart worships. I turn from the school to the world without—to the community at large, and there I see a thousand forces operating to narrow the broadening mind of youth. There I see that to preach brother-love, good-will toward all men and the need of unbiased search for truth is laudable, but to practice them, to live them, creates honest but bitter opposition, and endangers the very source of your daily bread. Again, my heart fills with hope when I see the boys lose their pride in the cigar and the poisonous cigarettes, and learn to be proud of the clear head and the honest, generous heart, but I lose some of my hopefulness when I think of all the forces arrayed against them—when I remember that fathers, even mothers, feel that their own rights and the personal rights of their sons have been infringed upon. It is indeed a pleasure to see the eagerness with which the young man grasps the truths of natural law, that the hills and the valleys, all the features of mother earth's surface have been formed, and still are being formed, by the forces he has known from childhood.

"The young mind feeds lovingly upon the fruits of history, literature, biology and astronomy, but only the teacher realizes how the mind is narrowed by the influence beyond the school-room, where this little earth and this littler self is still the center of all that is, and the stars and the planets and sun still revolve about its all-important center. And so, while I am full of high hope for the future, I feel that the young man or young woman who will meet the multitudinous forces of society and still live that

pure, sweet life their youthful hearts aspire to, is indeed a hero or a heroine. What the young man or young woman will determine to do still depends largely upon two things, — the heart's inmost religion and the will power. His religion determines his aspirations, his strength of will his power to fulfil them. All may not share my fears, but I am filled with the gravest apprehensions, when I see young people inclined to accept the materialism of so-called practical life. The true teacher, in school or out of school, must lead his pupils to see that it is necessary to understand our existence here, and that all our hopes for the future depend upon a vigorous, unbiassed search for truth. He must also lead them to see that every new truth, whether disclosed by science or religion, reveals new beauty in all that is upon the earth, and new grandeur in the heavens above us, that all life, plant and animal, is struggling upward into nobler types, that even matter seems filled with the spirit of life. The teaching that does not awaken the religious nature and increase the mind's hope for the future, will never inspire our rising people to aspire to live nobly. Will power is essential. The youth whose physical organism is active will overcome the resistance which his muscles come in contact with, from which he acquires new determination to win larger conquests, and shapes his conditions. He brings the determination won by his physical successes into his mental work, and each victory of the mind leads him to new attempts in the realm of thought. He who learns to do by doing, feels growing within him a consciousness of mastery which will in time conquer that greatest of all enemies — self; and when self is conquered, the mind yields itself naturally to thought and beauty and disinterested love. Then heaven is about him, not only in his infancy, but in his manhood and old age; and in every hill and flower and bird and star he sees the Invisible, and his soul feels the heart-throbs of the Infinite."

Mr. Jones: "John Wesley's great contribution to practical Christianity was the introducing of method into spiritual activity. It was he who gave to the free spirit of Protestantism its bishops, presiding elders, circuit riders, and thus made Methodism a growing power. What John Wesley did for the church Horace Mann did for the public school of America and reduced it to method. It is my privilege next to introduce to you the presiding elder of the Iowa County Public Schools, Miss Emma C. Underwood." After which the Superintendent of Schools for Iowa County gave a greeting as follows:

"My Friends, I am very glad to be permitted to add a word to what has already been said in the interests of the young people, having indirectly in charge the interests of about five thousand young people. I am deeply in sympathy with any movement that may promote their advancement. The exercises here for the last two weeks have been of such an order that no one could have been present without receiving great benefit. The few days I have been permitted to spend here have been full of blessed experience, and I believe will have an influence during the remainder of my life. The earnest thought, the high aspirations, the deep literary research, must awaken a responsive chord in the minds and hearts of all who are desirous of living a full life. I feel that we have great reason to feel gratitude that such means of improvement are brought to us and believe that when thoroughly understood, they will be appreciated. We hope the teachers of Iowa County may unite with us in an effort to stimulate in the children a desire for a higher life physically, intellectually and spiritually."

Mr. Jones: "When the method of Horace Mann is complete and the public school system is perfected, it will present an open road, a tempting avenue that will lead from the primary schools to the university, free to all the youths of the United States, and we have here this morning representatives of our State University, the first of whom is known in Madison as Dr. Libby. Here he is familiarly 'Our Libby,' who has been teaching us to love the birds and catch their notes during the last two weeks." O. G. Libby, of the State University, spoke as follows:

"It is Thoreau who says: 'All fair action in man is the result of enthusiasm. There is enthusiasm in the sunset. The shell on the shore takes on new layers and new tints with such raptures as the bard writes his poems. There is a thrill in the spring when it buds and blossoms. All the birds and fruits and blossoms are the product of enthusiasm.' Nature is very good in her compensations. We young people have no experience, but we have been given time—a long life. We lack steady purpose, the power to keep one thing in mind. To balance this nature has been good enough to give us enthusiasm. Now when I say the mature man needs a great deal to live it is a truism. Those who attain that happy state of maturity know the long road that has led up to that point. Those who have attended institutions of learning know the wearisome round of detail necessary to finish a course. The person who tries to do anything in any profession of life needs so many things that were he without them so late in life he must lay down his life work in despair. In the first place, he must have a trained and pliant memory and many and varied intellectual acquisitions, which are to be had only after long years of toil. He should have in addition certain emotional, or, if you please, sentimental experiences. And lastly, it is absolutely necessary to possess a great many well-grounded habits. Now, when is he to get all these things? Very naturally, in youth. But what incentive can there possibly be to the youth to drive him through all that dreary round of acquisition which shall make it possible for him to carry on his life work? If you should present to the youth at the outset, the bill of fare which is to be thus served up to him, I think he would never attempt the task at all. But, fortunately, he does not know what is coming, and, better than all, he has that God-given enthusiasm which hides from his eyes the real, and shows him only the ideal. He thinks he is having a good time, and while he is thus enjoying himself and being deceived into doing the hardest kind of work, he is building up the future which he is to carry out when he attains his profession.

"It is said we are given our enjoyment of food that we may not forget to eat. I presume that we are given enthusiasm in youth that we may not forget to lay up those things which we will need later on. Just as the locomotive needs steam to drive it to its destination so does the youth need enthusiasm to speed him along the road of education toward

the goal of his later life. This enthusiasm then is the best thing which we have to match against the experience, the maturity and steady purpose of the older and more responsible members of society. How shall we guard this enthusiasm so that we may not lack the propelling power of early life? 'Nothing succeeds like success,' and nothing gives enthusiasm like having enthusiasm. Never give up your enthusiasm. If you lose one, as you inevitably will, get another at once to take its place. Our conquest of nature has just begun, our material prosperity is only just born. All the books are not yet written, all the poetry and beautiful things of the world have not yet been produced. We have something to do in the future just as good, in some ways far better, than has yet been done. We can do this by guarding our enthusiasm, which enables us to accumulate joyously the raw material out of which we are to construct the fabric of our future and that of the world."

Mr. Jones: "The last address we have time for will be given by another representative of the State University, Prof. C. T. Smith, head professor of Greek of the Wisconsin University." Professor Smith spoke as follows:

If I Were Eighteen Again!

John Sherman, when in Nashville, Tennessee, during the winter preceding the Republican presidential convention of 1888, began an impromptu talk to the students of Vanderbilt University with the following words: "Young men, I would give all that I have accomplished in the world, all that I hope to accomplish, my dearest hopes and ambitions, for the privilege of sitting in those benches and doing it all over again." This remark has the greater significance when it is remembered that John Sherman was just at the height of his fame. He made that night, in the Capitol at Nashville, an address, which was pronounced by an eminent politician the finest political speech he ever heard. John Sherman then expected to be, and everybody conceded that he would be, the next nominee of the Republican party. Yet at such a moment he felt that the greatest privilege of life would be to start over again, in college — he was not a college man — and do it better.

When John Bright went to Oxford to receive his degree of D. C. L., he was taken to a point whence he could look down on

"That sweet city with its dreaming spires."

Rousing himself at length from the reverie into which he had fallen, he remarked, "How glorious it would be to be eighteen years old again and to be coming here to study!" This remark, too, seems the more noteworthy when one remembers that John Bright was what is called a *self-made* man and had already made the greatest speech to which the British Parliament has listened in the present century.

It is very likely that, like John Sherman and John Bright, we would all do it over again if we could. If I could do it over again, I would surely enter college once more. Why? One reason is, perhaps, all sufficient. College is a place of ideals. College is the *safest* place in the world for youth or maiden. To be congratulated above all mortals, perhaps, is the youth who is just entering college. Such a circle as he may now enter, if he will, the youth will never again find among men. College life has its temptations and dangers, but also its safeguards. Parents could never choose for a son such a group of associates as he may fall in with in any good college or university. There are gathered the hope of the country, the youths of ambition, of still unlowered, untarnished ideals. The worthless and bad go thither, too, unfortunately. But it is the other class, the noble and ingenuous youths, that dominate college life, as a rule; and just because this is true, college or university is the safest place for youth. I would be willing to deny my boy many things in life, but I would not take the risk of excluding him from a place consecrated to high ideals, where the very atmosphere may become charged with subtle vitalizing and ennobling influences, where lofty and unselfish friendships are possible, in whose warmth the soul grows and expands.

And what would I do, could I turn back to seventeen or eighteen, and enter college once more? I would *study hard* and I would *read hard*. Does some one object, once more, that the hard workers, the "honor men," rarely do anything in after life? There never was a greater fallacy. Macaulay was right when he said that usually "those who are first in the competitions of the schools are first in the competitions of life." Statistics will prove it. Goldwin Smith has said recently that England has been governed for fifty years by Oxford "honor men." Sir Robert Peel, Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone were all "double first-class" men at the university.

But perhaps it is even more necessary to urge students to read much while in college than to press them to study hard. Jewett's constant advice, to keep on hand a good biography, was golden. Thence comes help, impulse, inspiration. But above all, if I could turn back to that golden period —Freshman class at college—I would learn to love the great poets. How I envy the college student who already loves not only Tennyson, but also Keats and Shelley and Gray, Matthew Arnold and Browning and Wordsworth! I began to love first Scott's poetry, next perhaps Tennyson. I came late to love Milton and Matthew Arnold, Keats and Wordsworth. But the love has come to stay. One Sunday morning, not so long ago, I read for the first time Tennyson's remark that the love of "Lycidas" is the supreme test of poetic good taste. I had read "Lycidas," of course, even studied the poem under Professor Child at Harvard, but I would be ashamed to say how long it had been since I had read "Lycidas." That very morning I took down my old college copy of the poem,—the margins all marked up with student's notes,—took it down with fear and trembling lest I might fail in Tennyson's test. I read two lines, and then I could have shouted for joy. I *knew* it was not simply good, but *great* poetry. I read it with unalloyed delight to the end, and I have read it twenty times since. Then I realized the truth of Professor Calvin Thomas's remark, "He who would understand the great poets must e'en study and grow older." But I need not have allowed myself to become so much older before I learned to love "Lycidas."

I heard Bishop Spalding say once that the two authors of this century who have come to mean most to him he did not learn to appreciate till he was past thirty-two years of age. He had read them

before, but they seemed not to appeal to him. They were Newman in prose and Wordsworth in poetry. He studied and grew older, and the time came when the message of these great writers sank into his heart and became part of his life, more than the writings of any other men of the age. Some one objects, perhaps, that poetry is not "practical"—the stock objection to so much that is best in college studies. True, we can not make a living by reading even great poetry, perhaps not even by writing it. Wordsworth said that for years his poetry did not bring him in enough money to buy his shoe-strings. But that same poetry has made him immortal, the *third* in the royal line of great British poets. Milton sold the copyright of "Paradise Lost for £5, "not," as Lord Camden beautifully said, "because he thought it was the value of it. He knew its price was immortality, and that posterity would pay it." And he is the *second* in the royal line of great British poets. But, "practical" or not, we can not live the higher life without great poetry. It is food and drink for the soul. It lifts, it refines, it sweetens, it consoles! Everybody ought to read once a year Matthew Arnold's essay on "The Study of Poetry." "The benefit," says he, "of being able clearly to feel and deeply to enjoy the best, the truly classic in poetry, is an end—let me say it once more at parting—of supreme importance. We are often told that an era is opening in which we are to see multitudes of a common sort of readers, and masses of a common sort of literature; that such readers do not want and could not relish anything better than such literature, and that to provide it is becoming a vast and profitable industry. Even if good literature entirely lost currency with the world, it would still be abundantly worth while to continue to enjoy it by ourself. But it never will lose currency with the world, in spite of momentary appearances, it never will lose supremacy; currency and supremacy are insured to it, not indeed by the world's deliberate and conscious choice, but by something far deeper—by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity."

But long before college parents ought to be preparing the way for a love of great literature on the part of their children. How depressing are the monthly or quarterly reports of the town library—thousands of volumes of fiction, with only a hundred or two of volumes of history and even of *biography*, and a score or two of volumes of poetry! And most of the so-called juvenile literature is poor stuff, harmless in a way perhaps, but without strength, without power, without the qualities that enable it to enrich and elevate the souls of boys and girls endowed by God Almighty for higher things. The public library is a most beneficent institution, but the great books ought to be on our own bookshelves, so that the children may become familiar with them from the earliest years.

We so often *under*-rate children's capacity for good literature—a far more dangerous mistake than *over*-rating it. A company of university professors, who were one evening discussing the subject of reading, were told that a lady teacher had ventured to read "Sohrab and Rustum" to one of the higher grades in a grammar school. "That is great literature, but hardly adapted to the Ward school," some one remarked. The next evening one of the company tried the poem on a group of four children. The oldest, who was in the high school, absorbed it, and often refers to it; the youngest (nine years old), on whom it might have been supposed to have been lost, surprised the reader a few weeks later by asking for something more like "Sohrab and Rustum."

Students should make it a point, while in college, to buy and keep as many as possible of the great works in literature, as well as their text-books. They should be at hand where one can reach up and take them down just when the humor to read them comes on. The impulse to read may be lost if one has to put on one's coat and go over to the library for the book; besides some one is apt to have out that very book just when one wants to read it. A distinguished university president said recently that, though he had to work his way in college he spared money enough in his freshman year to buy a dozen good books in general literature, and took time to read them—and he well added that he was prouder of nothing in his career than of that fact. It is probable that $100, judiciously expended, will buy nearly all of the very greatest books of the world, and most students could spare that amount probably in the course of four years.

Of all the smaller colleges of the country Williams has perhaps turned out most literary men. And the reading habit has long prevailed in that college amid the beautiful Berkshire hills. I cannot describe to you the thrill of pleasure it gave me when a Williams sophomore (of only moderate rank) told me one day that he and a classmate had long been meeting twice a week to read and discuss Emerson, and that they had just finished reading all of his works. Think of it! All of Emerson before the end of the sophomore year! Why, Lowell tells us that he and other mature men used to walk out to Cambridge from Emerson's Boston lectures, in the frosty night with their souls lifted into the higher ether, and not sure that their feet were treading common earth. I have envied that Williams sophomore his Emerson experience!

Carlyle went to Edinburgh University with the serious intention of reading all the books in the library, and actually began the task with the first alcove, first shelf. He soon found that he had essayed the impossible, of course. The attempt would have been foolish and futile. But the very thought of doing such a thing was proof that a new sort of man had come to Edinburgh. A genius had come thither, though the Faculty did not find it out till he was through and gone. If it had not been for the great library, Carlyle would have been badly off even in Edinburgh. But though he did not read all the books, he did read enormously. He formed that habit which stood him in such good stead when he came to write such articles as that on Diderot, for which we read the whole of Diderot's works.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie was right when he said that it was the reading men in college who, as a rule, accomplished most in the world. There were seven students in his day at Williams College who used to get together regularly and read. What became of them? They are now Hamilton W. Mabie, editor of *The Outlook;* Henry Loomis Nelson, editor of *Harper's Weekly;* President Dole, of Hawaii; G.

Stanley Hall, President of Clark University; Francis Lyned Stetson, the New York lawyer; and two judges.

After dinner Rev. Mr. Loomis, of Lone Rock, made an introductory address, and he was followed by a sermon by Mr. Jones on "A Sunday in Rome," after which Dr. Thomas of Chicago gave the closing word, which was essentially as follows:

"It is wholly unexpected, friends, for me to say the closing words of this summer school. We have had together a most interesting day, beginning with young people's day, a kind of a survey of the stages of human life, and closing with this great talk of brother Jones, leading us out into the larger realm of world-life, the time-life of the ages. I think it was Alfred Copeland who said some years ago that if a map of the world and a chart of the time were placed before him, and he were asked to choose in what age and in what part of the world he would like to live, he would say, 'Let me live in the United States in the nineteenth century.' But I thought this morning when those excellent adresses were being made, the young people taking part, and the teachers of our country were mainly the speakers (all but one, a preacher), I know not where, if my life were to be lived over, I would rather be placed, at fifteen years, than in the Hillside Home School. I do not believe there is in Wisconsin or in the United States a place where the conditions are more favorable to develop a sound body, and a sound mind in a sound body, and a warm, loving heart, lay the foundations for scholarship, character, and greatness, than right here in this school, and then I would like, as an adjunct to that school, this Summer School of Literature. I am really not only surprised but gratified to find the depth and largeness of the work of this school. There is so much going on that you cannot know of everything, and you only know things by seeing them. Hundreds of others have heard of this school up here, but one has to come and see it to know what it means. It is simply now well started, well laid out, well planned out, and the years of its great growth are before it. It will become larger every year, and instead of two weeks, it will not be long before it will be three weeks, maybe four weeks; possibly a little less work done each day and a little more time for friendship. It is one of those things that counteracts one of the worst dangers of our country, and that is centralization in cities. The young men and women in this county do not want to get away, because there is something here to feed minds and hearts upon. There is something here to bring great intellectual joy to the community, and that is what makes a country. And so you want to build more largely this summer school.

"And now, friends, it is about to close. Friendships have been formed here, minds have been quickened and hearts have been stirred, and there is a sadness that we have to go away. I never was in a place I hated to leave more than this place, I think. It has been so restful to me. But then, we should lose this sadness when we think of the long survey of time over which the master of this meeting has been leading our minds. What are our human lives here, whether we wait ten years, or forty or sixty? What is this strain we call time? Indeed we need hardly reckon whether we are children or not, whether we are old or young, for the soul calls all time and all seasons, all years and all eternities its own. We measure not time by years. We are coming fast to see that this that we call time is but a kind of time-experience down here in eternity, for this is eternity. Voltaire in his speculations, in his Philosophy Romances, tells us that he had been in many worlds and in some worlds these astral travelers found the people lived a hundred years, others two hundred; others five hundred, others seven hundred years, nine hundred years, but everywhere they were complaining of the shortness of time; and that must be so under any other view of the human spirit than that of its immortality, and so it matters little whether we are children, men or women, young or old.

"We know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
We only know we cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

"Then go to your homes happier, greater than before; find more in these trees and birds and stones than you have ever felt before. Sing over these songs, keep your hearts warm, for the one thing that has eternity of a certainty is love, and thus dwell in hope and go in great peace, and the God of peace be with you."

Compensation.

In that new world toward which our feet are set
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?
Has Heaven a spell divine enough for this?
For who the pleasure of the spring shall tell,
When on the leafless stalk the brown buds swell,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song?

O sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn,
The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,
The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,
The sun-flecked shadow of the stately trees,
The mellow thunder and the lulling rain
(The warm, delicious, happy summer rain),
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O beauty manifold, from morn till night,
Dawn's flush, noon's blaze, and sunset's tender light!
O fair, familiar features, changes sweet
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet
And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space,
From snow to roses—and how dear her face
When the grass brightens, when the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O happy earth! O home so well beloved!
What recompense have we, from thee removed?
One hope we have that overtops the whole—
The hope of finding every vanished soul
We love and long for daily, and for this
Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss,
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

CELIA THAXTER.

In order to love God it is not essential that we should accept a theory of His nature, as it is not necessary that we should have a theory about our parents in order to love them.—*Christian Register.*

When poverty and childhood were annexed to the poet's domain, the world of literature and art became large.—*H. E. Scudder.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—If noble things were easy, they would cease to be noble, and become commonplace.

MON.—A wise woman will condone many faults for a wholesome consideration.

TUES.—The human soul has no other need so deep, so urgent, so insatiable, as the need of love.

WED.—As we grow toward the light of the Spirit we shall grow into purer and more satisfying expressions of love.

THURS.—A lack, a want, an unfulfilled desire, has been the moving power of human progress

FRI.—The inspiration, the divine joyousness of love, are the source of all true health of mind or body.

SAT.—There is no more tremendous stimulant than love, and none which needs to be dealt with more cautiously, if one would not at last be the victim of its deadly reaction. —*Caroline F. Corbin.*

Dorothy's Bargain.

Dorothy's own dearest auntie Anne
Leaned over Dorothy's bed;
Clad all in pink, to her feather fan,
She looked as sweet as an auntie can,
With roses pink on her head.

"Go right to sleep," said her auntie Anne;
"Shut up your bonnie brown eyes;
I'll bring a breeze with my feather fan
That will take you off to Yucatan,
And give the flowers surprise."

Dorothy's eyes but the bigger grew,
She laughed at her auntie Anne;
"You is big 'nuf; why, I sought you knew
Dat breezes on'y took fings what flew,
And Dowofy nebber tan."

"Then, I 'll bring a breeze from a cold land"—
The fan waved high and fast—
"To pinch your nose and nip at your hand,
To freeze you asleep with icy band,
And quilt of snow that will last."

"But I like it tool, dear auntie Anne,
An' to feel my fles' *go cweep.*
I 'll s'ut my eyes if your fedder fan
Will make our baby run off wid a man,
An' let poor Dowofy s'eep."

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE.

Hardship or Blessing?

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

That depends very much upon how we look at it. Almost anything can be made to seem a hardship if we dwell upon its unpleasant features, while the very same thing, considered in a different light, will show itself a blessing; for in this world of ours, as we all know — though we often act very much as if we did not — no person or thing is wholly good or wholly bad, but a mixture of the two.

This matter was brought to my mind in quite a striking manner the other day, when, in chatting with a neighbor who had dropped in of an errand, I said something in quite a complaining way about having so much sewing to do that I simply did not know where to turn. My friend looked at me over her glasses, and in her blunt, neighborly fashion told me that I ought to be thankful that I had so much material to make up, instead of feeling worried about the amount of sewing it would make.

Last spring while in the very midst of the work and plans the changing seasons bring, I received a letter from a dear sister banished from home on account of poor health, obliged to spend a greater part of each day in enforced idleness, lying on a couch watching another busy sister at work about her many household tasks. "I know just how busy you are," she wrote. "I almost envy you your hard work. Many a time I dream of working as hard as I can and then waken with a start to find myself unable to do anything worthy the name of work."

Here was another view of my busy, hurried home life. We sometimes, I am afraid, view our daily surroundings and occupations as some one has aptly expressed it, "through the wrong end of the telescope," magnifying the hardships and underestimating the blessings.

So these two women, — my elderly neighbor, who was still battling bravely with poverty and hardship, — and the dear, patient sister who did more than she knew for us all, — and for many another who came within the circle of her influence — in spite of and because of her physical weakness and helplessness and the contrasting mental and moral strength of her daily living, these two, each in her own way, made me look at my life from a new standpoint and in a way that seems to me too valuable to be kept for myself alone; so I pass the lesson on in the hope that it may help some other busy housewife and mother to "reverse the telescope," if it needs to be reversed, for a truer view of the things that go to make up her daily life.— *Ohio Farmer.*

Thackeray and his Mother.

It was the mother's influence that remained with Thackeray through life. Divided by half the world, the child clung to her memory; the separation was followed by years of tender reunion, which ended only with his death. When suffering from the tyrant of a private school, "I remember," he wrote forty years afterwards, "kneeling by my little bed at night, and saying, 'Pray God, I may dream of my mother.'" The public-school boy at Charterhouse wrote almost daily to her a sort of journal. For her the gay young man at Cambridge and Weimar found leisure to compile the most delightful pictorial episodes. On her second widowhood his house became her home. . . . The tenderness of that beautiful mother went with him through his whole life. He was her only child; and the same gentle eyes that filled with joy when he was born, wept with sorrow when he was laid under the sod. On the first aniversary of his death she followed him to her own grave. "When I knew her," writes the family chronicler, "she was old, and her hair—of a lovely whiteness—contrasted with her fine eyebrows. There was a look of great refinement and nobleness about her." "Walk into the drawing-room," writes Thackeray of the home which he made for his mother's evening of life. "There sits an old lady of more than fourscore years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now as in her youth. She is as simple as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her. Can that have been anything but a good life which, after more than eighty years of it was spent, is so calm?"—*Exchange.*

"The mind gains in vigor by the taxed exercise of its vigor."

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NOTES FROM TOWER HILL.

Sunday, August 22d, was young people's day at Tower Hill. A large company assembled in the morning to listen to the kindly admonitions of several of their elders. Mr. Van A. Evans, of Spring Green, spokesman for the young people, welcomed the visitors of the day in words wise and kind. Caroline J. Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Mich., the chief speaker of the day, told what she would do if she were again twenty. The address was an up-to-date common-sense talk to "all sorts and conditions" of people. It was stamped throughout with the genial humanity, genuine kindliness, and practical wisdom of the woman whom many, these late years, have learned to honor and respect. The following are a few of the thoughts, though, unfortunately, not exactly the words of the speaker:

Learn to think—large, generous, deep thoughts. This is a world of thought, and no one can enter there who is not a thinker. 'Tis thought that exalts, enobles, glorifies man. Right thought has very much to do with right conduct. Learn to act—translate all thoughts and feelings into action. Inertia is death. Action is life. To act right is to live right. The chief end of man is to live a right, true, noble life.

Economize time. The knowing how to save time is the keynote to our advancing civilization. The savage wastes time; the civilized man economizes. Every "time-saver" is a force that favors progress.

Learn to enjoy life. Enjoy to the full the sweets of this present life that God has given you. Learn to enjoy the common things of life; the big things will take care of themselves. Seek the beauty that is in all things, and the good that is in all men. Find your place in life: in the home, society, the universe. Having found your place, strive to keep it. Distinguish carefully between the essentials and the non-essentials of life. Some things are transitory; others are eternal. Cultivate those things that are permanent; bind yourself up in those things which are divine.

If I were twenty again I would try to live in the eternal now. Yesterday is gone. To-morrow is not quite yet. The present, the eternal now, is here. Fear not death, but live your life bravely and grandly; trust God and do the right. To live the immortal life you must become immortal. "Only that which is true survives." We trust that in one way or another, the readers of THE NEW UNITY will have the pleasure of reading the thoughts in full and in Mrs. Crane's own words.

Other speakers followed with advice of a similar nature. The spirit of rugged T. Carlyle spoke thus: "Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based upon eternity. Life is a gift, which a man can have but once, for he waited a whole eternity to be born, and now he has a whole eternity waiting to see what he will do when born."

* * *

The Tower Hill Summer School was brought to a close Sunday afternoon with a lecture by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, entitled "A Sunday in Rome." It was an intellectual treat, much appreciated by the large and attentive audience. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, spoke the last word. It was one of gratitude for the good the school had done him during his stay at Tower Hill.

* * *

What a mysterious, serio-comic extravaganza of a world is this! Good and evil, harmony and discord, light and darkness, smiles and tears! To-day the sky is dark and gloomy; no birds warble, and the flowers are but withered symbols of the grave. To-morrow all is sunshine, when it is good to be alive; when birds sing, brooks babble, and flowers bloom. Conscious being, presumably, must ever be a matter of positive and negative poles, a matter of good and evil, of Ormuzd and Ahriman. There can be but one rational meaning to life, and that is to view it as discipline. "Do this," says Frederic H. Hedge, "and you have the solution of all its enigmas, and a justification of all its ills. Use life as discipline and you can never be quite overcome by its sorrows. It is because we do not so view it and use it, that we quarrel with our lot."

During our sojourn here the various teachers of the school have been doing their best to bring us nearer to good old Mother Nature in all her freedom, in all her healthiness, and in all her harmony. Dr. Libby, an enthusiastic lover of the birds, has taught us many things of which we were before ignorant. Prof. Perisho has told us many wondrous tales about the earth's development, and Mr. Jones has interpreted for us the songs of the "Evangels of Nature"—the poets. The time is surely not far distant when science will replace much of the theology which still passes current as God-knowledge. Some time, we know not when, man will be sane. (We need not to be saved, but to be made sane.) And as the world to "the sane man is glorious, beautiful, noble, and divine, so will science be the inspiration of art, poetry, and religion." "Blind and insensible," says Ernest Haeckel, "have the great majority of mankind hitherto wandered through this glorious wonderland of a world; a sickly and unnatural theology has made it repulsive as a 'vale of tears.' But now, at last, it is given to the mightily advancing human mind to have its eyes opened; it is given to it to show that a true knowledge of nature affords full satisfaction and inexhaustible nourishment, not only for its searching understanding, but also for its yearning spirit." We need to know more of nature and her ways. To understand nature is to understand man, for man is a part of nature. To know our true relationship, and to adjust ourselves thereto, should be our true end and aim in life. If the question were asked "What did you learn worth remembering during your stay at Tower Hill?" My answer would be: "I have learned that this universe is somewhat larger than Abraham or Joshua thought it was, and that this world is but an insignificant part of it; that man is on this earth to grow, to become a complete soul; that his business in life is to do what he can in bringing about that 'one far-off divine event (a perfect humanity) towards which the whole creation moves.'"

GEO. N. FALCONER.

Voyage to Europe.

To make it possible for people to visit Europe without the extravagant cost of the old methods has been an unsolved problem until now. Americans will not travel second-class, and to go first-class by the fast steamers means a cost of $200 to $300 for the steamer ticket alone to begin with. The subject has been very carefully investigated, and some new methods brought to bear, so that now the ocean voyage can be paid for at the rate of $6 per month for the round tour to the Paris exposition, and $15 for English and Mediterranean voyage next season, on monthly payments. No second-class and no steerage carried on the steamers. This is an opportunity for the school teacher, physician, minister, merchant, etc., etc., to take a trip to Europe, which thus far has been an impossibility with many.

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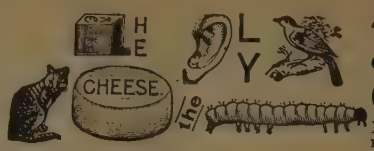

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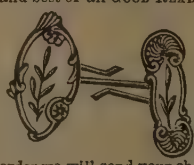

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